

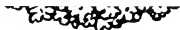




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LOS ANGELES

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THE HISTORY
OF
TOM, THUMB.



J. Roberts, Wood-Street, Leeds.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

OF TOM THUMB.

Arthur, in 516, there lived a magician called Merlin, who was travelling in the disguise of a beggar; being fatigued, he stopped at the door of an honest ploughman, and asked for refreshment. The man and his wife gave him a hearty welcome, and provided him with some milk and bread. But Merlin observed, (bnt every thing was comfortable in the cottage.) they both seemed to be unhappy. The wife said she would be the happiest of women if she had a son, though he was no bigger than her husband's thumb.

On this, Merlin paid a visit to the Queen of Faries, to request her to gratify the wishes of the poor woman. She granted his request; and in due time the ploughman's wife was safely delivered of a son, no bigger than his father's thumb. The fairy queen came in at the window while the mother was admiring her son. The queen named him Tom Thumb, and had him dressed according to the instructions she gave them:—

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown ;
 His shirt of web, by spiders spun ;
 His jacket wove of thistle's down,
 His trousers were of feathers done ;
 His stockings of an apple rind, to tie
 With eyelash, from his mother's eye ;
 His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
 Tanned with the downy hair within.

When Tom was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he would slip into the bags of his play-fellows, unobserved, fill his pockets, and again join in the play.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ah !" said the boy, "I have caught you at last." On saying this he drew the string tight round his neck and body, with which he was sadly hurt.

Some time after his mother was making a pudding, and Tom anxious to know how it was made, climbed up the bowl, and fell over head and ears into the batter, unobserved by his mother, who stirred him in, and

put 'it on to boil. On feeling the hot water, Tom kicked and struggled so, that his mother thought the pudding was bewitched, and threw it to the door. A tinker who was passing at the time, took it up and put it into his wallet, and walked off. Tom now began to cry, which so terrified the tinker that he let it fall, and ran away. The pudding was broken to pieces. Tom crept out, and with difficulty walked home.



Soon after, Tom's mother went to milk the cow, and took him along with her. As the wind was very high she tied him to a thistle. The cow observed the oak-leaf hat, took poor Tom and the thistle at a mouthful;

but the cow being annoyed at the noise in her throat, opened her mouth, and let him drop out.

One day his father made him a whip of barley straw to drive the horses with : he took him into the fields, but he slipped and fell into a furrow. A crow picked



him up and flew away with him to the top of a Giant's Castle, near the sea side, and left him. Tom did not know what to do ; but he was soon more dreadfully frightened, for Old Grumbo, the Giant, came up to walk on the terrace, seeing Tom, he swallowed him like a pill ; but he began to kick and jump about so in

his belly, that he threw him up, and he fell into the sea. He was swallowed by a fish, which was afterwards caught and sent to King Arthur's table. When they opened the fish, they were astonished at finding such a little boy. He was carried to the King, who made him his dwarf. When the King rode out he frequently took Tom along with him ; and if the rain came on, he would creep into his majesty's waistcoat pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

One day the king asked Tom about his parents : he said both his father and mother were tall. The king told him to take as much money as he could carry home. Tom got a purse, made of a water bubble, and received a threepenny piece to put into it. He had hard work to lift it on his back : and set forward on his journey.

Tom's parents were glad to see him ; but he was so tired with carrying his threepenny piece, that his mother put him into a walnut shell by the fireside, and gave him a hazel-nut to eat, which made him sick. Tom soon got better. And one day, when the wind blew towards the king's court, his mother made a

parasol of tissue paper, tied him to it, and puffed him into the air, which carried him to the king's palace, just at the time the cook was passing the court-yard with a bowl of furmenty for the king, into which Tom fell, splashing it in the cook's face. She told the king that he had jumped into it out of mere mischief; on which his majesty ordered him to be tried for high



treason, and he was condemned to be beheaded. On hearing this Tom trembled; but seeing a miller near him with his mouth wide open, he jumped down his throat, and the miller went home to his mill. Tom

began to tumble and roll about so in the miller's belly, that he sent for a doctor; and while the doctor was there the miller yawned, and Tom leaped out on to the table. The miller in a rage opened the window and threw him out into the river, and a fish snapped him up in a moment.



The fish was caught and sold to a nobleman, who made a present of it to the king. When the cook dressed the fish she found poor Tom; on which his majesty ordered him to be kept in custody till wanted.

The cook put him into a mouse-trap, and left him to peep through the wires. Tom had been in the trap

a week before he was sent for by the king, who pardoned him, and again took him into his favour, ordered him a new suit of clothes, and made him a Knight :

Of butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
 His boots of chicken's hide ;
 And by a nimble fairy blade,
 Well learned in the tailoring trade,
 His clothing was supplied.
 A needle dangled by his side ;
 A dapper mouse he used to ride :
 Thus strutted Tom in stately pride !

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in his new dress, and mounted on a mouse, as he rode out a hunting with the king and noblemen, who were all ready to die with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

One day, as they were riding by a farm house, a large tom-cat, which was at the door, made a spring, and seized both Tom and his mouse. He ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse ; but Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked

the cat so fiercely that he let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat and laid him on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The Queen of the Fairies soon after came to pay Tom a visit; and King Thunstone, Arthur's successor, also came to see him. The king asked him who he was, and where he lived, he answered,

My name is Tom Thumb, from the faires I've come;
When King Arthur shone this Court was my home;
In me he delighted—by him I was knighted:
Did you ever hear of Sir Tom Thumb.

The king was so charmed with Tom's address, that he ordered a gold palace to be made for him to live in, with a door to it an inch wide. The queen was so enraged at this, that she determined to ruin him, and she told the king that he had been saucy to her.

Tom, afraid of the king's anger, crept into an empty snail shell. At last he ventured to peep out, and seeing a large butterfly on the ground, jumped astride on it. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree, and

from field to field, and at last returned with him to the palace, where the king and nobility strove to catch him. At last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering pot, in which he was nearly drowned.



The king received Tom again into favour, which he did not live to enjoy ; for a large spider one day attacked him, and although he drew his sword and fought well, yet the spider's poisonous breath overcame him.

He fell down on the ground where he stood,
And the spider suck'd ev'ry drop of his blood.

The King and the whole court went into mourning for him, and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph inscribed upon it:—

Here lies Tom Thunb, King Arthur's Knight.
 Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
 He was well known in Arthur's court,
 Where once he afforded gallant sport ;
 He rode a tilt and tournament,
 And on a mouse a hunting went.
 Alive, he fill'd the court with mirth ;
 His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
 Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
 and cry, Alas ! Tom Thumb is dead !

